THE BOON'S LICK TIMES.

JAMES R. BENSON & CLARK H. GREEN,
Editors & Proprietors.

TERMS.

Published every Saturday, at $3 in advance, of $4 at the end of the year. No paper discontinued but at the option of the editors until all arrearages are paid—and a failure to give notice (before the end of the year) of a wish to discontinue will be considered a new engagement.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One dollar per square, of twelve lines or less, for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

For one square twelve months, twenty dollars.

Where the insertion of an advertisement is ordered, without the number of insertions being specified, it will be inserted, (at the discretion of the proprietors) until forbid, and charged for accordingly.

All advertisements from strangers, as well as all orders for job-work, must be accompanied with the cash, or a reference to some responsible and convenient acquaintance.

AUTHORIZED AGENTS.

A. R. Oldham, Middle Grove, Monroe co.
James Hughes, Richmond, Ray co.
James Head, Four Mile Prairie, Randolph co.
W. F. Switzler, Columbia, Boone co.
C. P. Brown, Platte City, Platte co.
Thomas Jackman, Rocheport, Boone co.
Wm. D. Malone, Huntsville, Randolph co.
Geo. H. Hubbell, Trenton, Grundy co.

THE LONE INDIAN.

Let me go to my home, that is far distant west,
To the scenes of my childhood that I love the best,
Where the tall cedars are, and the bright waters flow,
Where my parents will greet me, white man let me go.

Let me go to the spot where the soft fountain plays
Where oft I have mused in my own boyish days,
Where my poor mother lives, whose heart will o'erflow,
At the sight of her lost one, oh! there let me go.

Let me go to my father, by whose valiant side,
I often have triumphed in the height of my pride,
And exulted to conquer the insolent foe,
To the home of my father, oh! there let me go.

And oh, let me go, to my own dark eyed maid,
Who taught me to love, 'neath the wild willow shade,
Whose heart 's like the fawn's, as pure as the snow,
And who loves her dear Indian, oh! there let me go.

And oh, let me go, to my far forest home,
To the scenes of my childhood, where oft I did roam,
And there let my body, in ashes lie low,
To the land of my sires, white man, let me go.

From Graham's Magazine for May.

THE TWIN SISTERS:

A leaf from the Journal of an Antiquarian.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

The old mansion house of Folkstone has little to attract the notice of the passing wayfarer, for its fine park is now converted into a sheep pasture, its flower garden is planted with turnips, and its noble woods have long since been felled to enable its owner to enrich and embellish some fairer domain. The house has suffered comparatively little from time, but a fiercer enemy has been at work within its walls and in its finest apartments are still visible the traces of that devouring fire which has reduced it almost to ruin. Strange rumors are abroad concerning the origin of that fire. The present owner, a wild and dissolute youth, came down to visit it, with a party of gay revelers, soon after it fell into his possession. Five more stately and better appointed mansions were already his, for he was one of England's peers, and when he beheld the worm-eaten tapestries and mouldering furniture, he was heard to exclaim, with an oath—

"I would that my mad cousin of Folkstone had set fire to the old nest; it will cost more in taxes than the lands will yield in revenue."

His steward, a keen-eyed, iron-faced man, heard his master's words, and on the very night after the young lord's departure, the building was discovered to be in flames.—Some said it was a judgment from Heaven—others shook their heads, and whispered that the agency of man was visible in a fire which had broken out from four different points at the same moment, and certain it is that no money was ever spent upon the repair of the once noble structure.

The ladies Rosamond and Lilias were the only children of the proud old marquis whose ancestors had for centuries ruled over the domain of Folkstone. Born after a childish marriage of many years, perhaps both parties would have been pleased if one fair son had been given to them instead of the two fragile daughters who were now destined to inherit the estates, and extinguish the name of their ancient family.—But parental affection silenced, if it could not subdue their regrets, and ere long the twins were the idols of both father and mother. The singular personal resemblance, which so generally characterizes those whom nature has so mysteriously connected, was in this case very strongly marked. As infants they could, with difficulty, be distinguished from each other, and only the unerring eye of a mother could detect the shade of difference between the deep gray eye of Rosamond and the slight hazel tint which was diffused through the same color in the eyes of Lilias; while only a mother's heart could remember that when two little heads were laid upon the same pillow the curls which clustered round Rosamond's brow were darker than the chestnut locks of Lilias. The similitude seemed rather to increase with the progress of time, and in the sportiveness of their innocent mirth, the fair children would often puzzle their parents by changing the ornaments which formed the only distinction between them in the eyes of the family servants. Nor were they less alike in character than in person, and happier had it been for both, if more diversity between them had really existed.

Entitled by their birth to rank and affluence, gifted by nature with exceeding beauty, and almost worshipped by parents who had long despaired of beholding the renewal of their youth in their own offspring, they early learned their own importance in the eyes of the whole household. Their will became a law to all, from the proud old lord down to his humblest servant, and it is not surprising that they should soon have acquired a full portion of the waywardness which is ever the result of unlimited indulgence. Their similarity of taste and feeling produced disunion between them even in the nursery, for each was sure to desire the same gratification at precisely the same moment, and as it was scarcely possible always to fulfil the desires of both, their wilfulness occasioned continual discord between them. Many a dispute which has separated those whom God had united—many a family feud which has left its inheritance of hatred in the second and third generations—many a bitter jealousy—many an evil passion which curdles the milk of human kindness in the hearts of men, and makes the bond of kindred only a fetter which is gladly broken—may be traced to the petty bickerings and still renewed quarrels which disturb the days of infancy. The misfortunes which befell the beautiful sisters, if traced to their first cause will be found to have arisen in that disunion of feeling and selfishness, which characterised their childhood, while the wonderful similarity which distinguished their moral as well as their physical nature, and which should have bound them by the closest ties, became only an unfailing source of discord and dislike.

As nothing is more unlovely than childhood without its innocent attributes, its frankness, its overflowing affections, its utter unselfishness, its purity of feeling—we will pass over the events of the sisters' early life; events which, though of trifling import in themselves, were of no little consequence to the formation of character.

At sixteen, the ladies Rosamond and Lilias were known to all the country around as the Beauties of Folkstone; and the rare spectacle of two young females so exquisitely lovely and so wonderfully similar, that a portrait of the one would have served as a most accurate likeness of the other, drew around them a crowd of admirers. It required an intimate acquaintance with both to discover the points of difference which existed between them, and yet these differences were of the most decided and definite kind. Possessed of equally violent passions, equally self-willed and resolute of purpose, they yet were most unlike in talent and in their power of self-possession.

Scarcely had the beautiful sisters attained the age of womanhood when death deprived them of their mother, whose weak indulgence had fostered the growth of those errors in her children of which she was keenly sensible ere she was removed from them forever. They felt little respect for the parent who had early submitted her better judgment to their infantine caprices, and, like all spoiled children, they made a most ungrateful return for her unlimited affection. She was allowed to minister to their pleasures, but when, excited by their wilfulness, she attempted to act the mentor, or to assert her long dormant authority, she was met by utter contempt for her counsels, and disregard of her commands. Her last days were embittered by their disobedience, and the children who had been bestowed as blessings, were by her own excess of affection, made her most bitter scourges. Their father, a weak, silly, proud old man, who fancied that every thing which appertained to him was beyond censure or criticism, and who allowed his daughters to act precisely as they pleased, so long as they did not controvert his peculiar prejudices, was little calculated to be their guide during the perilous period of life which they had just entered. Thus left to follow the dictates of their own will, they could scarcely fail of laying up a store of future suffering.

Among their numerous admirers was one who mingled timidly with the throng of the noble and the gifted that surrounded the lovely heiresses of Folkstone, as if conscious of his feeble claims upon their notice or regard. Herbert Bellenden was a younger son, who, from his boyhood, had been destined to the church, because a valuable living was in the gift of his family. His rectory was but a short distance from Folkstone, and the large estates of his elder brother lay contiguous to those which were the future inheritance of the lovely sister.

It would be useless to attempt describing the progress of those events which gradually tended to compass the scheme of the romantic but self-willed Lilias. She had early discovered Herbert Bellenden's preference for Rosamond—she had almost as soon detected her proud sister's mental struggles against reciprocal affection, and yet, in despite of these things, she resolved to win the object of her love, even if her path to the altar led over her sister's crushed and bleeding heart. All the powerful machinery of a woman's wiliness was put in motion to secure the prize. All that she could devise of boldness or of stratagem was exercised upon the unsuspecting lovers. By cunningly constructed tales of Herbert's presumption, Rosamond was instigated to treat him with a degree of proud coldness almost amounting to contempt, while the downcast eye of Lilias, her quivering lip, her trembling voice, her agitated manner when in his presence, were all made to bear palpable witness to the depth of her own fervent tenderness. A woman's cunning is almost sure of success, because men rarely suspect the sex until they have had some experience of their falsehood, and even if once deceived, personal vanity is usually a most powerful auxiliary on the side of the weaker, but more subtle adversary. Herbert Bellenden was entirely deceived by the devices of Lilias. He fancied that the sensitive girl was cherishing a hopeless passion which she vainly struggled to hide, and when he compared her ill-concealed agitation of manner with the stern, cold indifference of her sister, he could not but wonder at his own waywardness in thus humbling himself before the contemner, while he turned from the worshipper.

One evening—it was the dusk hour of twilight, and the shadow of the broad and gnarled oaks threw a deeper gloom over the pathway, as Herbert encountered the lady of his love. She was treading with quick step a narrow walk which traversed the lawn, and lost itself in the darkest woodland. A closed bonnet partly hid her features, but the proud curve of those smiling lips, the stately tread of that tall form was not to be mistaken. He little knew what thoughts of coming triumph had lent that haughty look and that proud step to the maiden who now stood beside him. Day after day had he brooded over his preference for the cold beauty, and pondered on the belief that he was the object of her sister's love. Sometimes he was tempted to banish himself from the presence of both—sometimes he was upon the point of devoting himself to the gentle and loving Lilias—yet his vacillating temper led him still to defer the moment of explanation. Now, however, he was nerved by a courage heretofore unknown to him. They were alone—no witnesses but the silent stars could behold his agitation—his voice would reach no ears save hers—and yielding to an impulse which he could neither understand nor control, he poured forth the long repressed tide of deep affection. Silently did the lady listen to the burning words of passion—silently did she suffer him to draw her toward him—silently did she hide her face upon his bosom, as he prayed her to forget rank and fortune, and parental anger, for the strong and abiding love of a husband's heart. Did no misgiving seize him when he found the haughty and frank Rosamond listening calmly to such a proposition? Did he believe that passion had so subdued her proud temper that she would not only wed the untitled younger son, but even degrade herself by a clandestine marriage?

On the night following this unlooked-for interview, a veiled and muffled figure stole silently from a postern gate, which opened upon a by-path through Folkstone park. The clock was striking midnight as the disguised lady approached the trysting place. Herbert Bellenden was already there—the carriage was in waiting, and, with a silent embrace, the lovers hurried to enter it. Ere the next day's sun had set, the whole neighborhood knew that Herbert Bellenden had robbed Folkstone of one its fairest ornaments. The story was widely diffused, but, strange to say, half the world made Rosamond the partner of his flight, while others said that Lilias was the bride. The gossips were only satisfied when Rosamond, looking pale and sorrowful, but still as proud and queenly as ever, was seen accompanying her father in his daily rides. It was strange, passing strange.

Time passed on and wrought his usual changes as he winged his silent way. Five years had elapsed since the eventful night which had thus far decided the fate of the sisters. The old lord of Folkstone was gathered to his fathers—the stately and beautiful Rosamond dwelt alone in the ancient hall, for, excepting her sister, there were none of her near kindred left upon earth. Herbert Bellenden had inherited the title and fortune which had once belonged to his elder brother, who had recently died childless, and the beautiful Lilias, who, to the eyes of the world, had sacrificed ambition to love when she wedded, now reaped her reward in her newly acquired rank and wealth. At the death bed of their aged father, a reconciliation had taken place between the estranged family. The old man, who could not forgive his daughter's clandestine marriage with a younger son, was induced to bestow his blessing on the richly dowered countess, and Rosamond, whose cold, proud demeanor had now become habitual, did not refuse to accede to the proffered peace. But though there might be peace between them, there could be no affection. Rosamond's heart had received a wound which was yet unhealed, and Lilias was hiding within her bosom a secret which she dreaded lest her very thoughts should reveal. Jealous of every look and word which her husband bestowed upon another, pining for the kindness and affection which Herbert neither would nor could bestow, and continually trembling lest something should occur to break the frail bonds which seemed to hold her husband to her side, she had indeed reaped the reward in utter disappointment and misery.

But her punishment was not yet come. Lilias was preparing for her first winter in London, where she had resolved to appear in all the splendors of her beauty and her fortune, when a fearful accident overthrew all her hopes. While in the act of stepping out of her carriage, the horses took fright, and the fair countess was thrown violently to the ground, while her dress becoming entangled in the steps, she was dragged some distance over the rugged road before assistance could be afforded. She was taken up apparently lifeless, and so frightfully disfigured that she was scarcely to be recognized. Medical skill was immediately procured, but for many hours she lay between life and death, and it was not until the second day that the doctor prononnced the crisis to be past.

That very night, as Rosamond watched beside the bed of her unconscious sister, in the very presence of the helpless sufferer, who knew not of what was passing around her—that very night from the lips of him whom she still loved better than aught else on earth, did Rosamond listen to a tale which almost maddened her. It was *her* love that Herbert Bellenden had sought—it was *her* hand he had tried to win—it was *her* whom he fancied he was bearing to a clandestine marriage, and not until the hurried and confused ceremony was over—not until the veil was removed from the face of her whom he claimed as his wife, did he learn that Lilias, and not Rosamond was his companion.

"From that hour, Rosamond," said he, "I have loathed the very air she breathed, and the very earth she trod. She has been as a serpent in my path, and yet her tears, her agony, her blandishments have won me to treat her sometimes with a tenderness that has seemed almost like love. Yes," he added, bitterly, "she has been as a serpent in my path, as a deadly adder whose sting I feel in my very heart of hearts; and now she lies like a crushed worm before me—thus to drag out perhaps years of misery—a fearful and humble sight to all—a heavy and wretched burden to my existence."

What were the feelings of Rosamond when she listened to this strange tale? The floodgates of passion were thrown down—the barriers of pride and principle gave way, and in that fearful hour the secret of her long hoarded passion was revealed to the weak and vacillating husband of another. From that moment Rosamond never re-entered her sister's apartment, and never again met Herbert Bellenden save in the presence of others of the household. But it was observed, and mentioned long afterwards, when circumstances awakened fearful suspicions, that the charge of the helpless sufferer now devolved entirely on a superannuated old woman who had long been regarded with an evil eye for her malice and ill-omened power of mischief.

Though crushed nearly out of all semblance to humanity, Lilias seemed to cling to life with wonderful tenacity, and the physician reiterated his opinion that care alone was necessary to restore her to comparative health.

"She will never walk again," poor thing said he, gravely, "and she will scarcely be able to recover the use of her hands; her features, too, must always be terribly distorted, and I doubt whether her eyesight will be fully restored—but no vital function is seriously injured, and she may yet live many years."

That very night, or rather at dawn of the following day, Lilias was found stark and stiff in death, while the old woman, whose business it was to watch the sufferer, lay in a deep sleep on the floor beside her. The physician seemed thunderstruck when he beheld the lifeless body of her whom he had left but a few hours before in comparative safety, but he could not take it upon himself to assert that some sudden change had not occurred, some rapid and violent attack of disease whose symptoms were unmarked, and the general disorganization of her whole frame. In consequence of her disfigured appearance, her body was not allowed to lie in that state, although a pompous funeral graced the once beautiful Countess of Moreland. The Earl wore the semblance of decent sorrow—the lady Rosamond assumed the dusky habiliments of wo—and yet, it was observed, that the old watcher whose carelessness had in all probability shortened the days of the unhappy countess was taken into the household, and honored with the confidence of the lady of Folkstone.

Three months had scarcely elapsed, after the frightful events just narrated, when a marriage was solemnized secretly and by torch-light, in the chapel at Folkstone. The bride was the beautiful Rosamond, and her voice rang out through the dark aisles of the lonely church with almost unnatural clearness as she uttered the solemn responses. But the tones of the bridegroom were hollow and low, and his frame quivered with strong emotion, for his weak and timid nature shrunk from the thought of that which he had done, and that which he was now doing. He had yielded to the bolder wickedness of the woman at his side, but he was appalled by the shadows which conscience called up before his bewildered sight. Rosamond was revenged, alike upon the sister who had wronged, and the dastard lover who had wavered when decision would have afforded happiness to both. Lilias was laid in an unhonored grave, Herbert Bellenden was her wedded husband, and the long cherished bitterness of her wayward heart had at last poured out its venom, and was relieved.

Did she not fear the anger of an avenging Providence? Did she not know that retributive justice, sooner or later, must overtake the guilty? She was allowed just time enough to learn that the husband for whom she had perilled her soul was rendered utterly contemptible by his vacillating character, and his low vices—and then the hour of reckoning came. A child was born to the earldom of Moreland—a son to inherit the name and honors of an ancient race—but a cry of inexpressible horror from all who looked upon him was his only welcome to a world of suffering. The stamp of a mother's evil passions was upon the innocent babe—his marred and crippled limbs, his tearfully distorted face, bore the awful semblance of the unhappy dead. It was the face of the buried Lilias.

For twenty years Rosamond was manacled and bound like a wild beast, chained to the wall of her own apartment, an object of terror and pity to all who looked upon her raving madness, or listened to the wild howling of her insanity. The child, a helpless cripple, idiot, outlived its miserable parents, and by its death in 17—, the line of two of England's noblest families became extinct, while the estates fell to distant collateral heirs.

Such was the real history of those fair children whose pictured semblance had so fascinated my gaze in that lonely chamber—such were the fortunes of those for whom I had fancied a destiny of innocent happiness.

BOON'S LICK TIMES.

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."—Jefferson.

Vol. 4. FAYETTE, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1843. No. 11.

SEVENTEEN.

BY MRS. CAORLINE GILMAN.

In childhood, when my girlish eye
Glanced over life's unfaded green,
Thoughts undefined, and sweet, and new,
Would blend with thee, sweet seventeen.

Restrained at twelve by matron care,
My walks prescribed, my movements seen,
How bright the sun, how free the air,
Seemed circling o'er bright seventeen!

Thirteen arrived, but still my book,
My dress, were watched with aspect keen,
Scarce on a novel might I look,
And balls—must wait for seventeen.

Fourteen allowed the evening walk,
Where friendship's eye illumed the scene,
The long, romantic bosom-talk,
That talk which glanced at seventeen.

The next revolving circle brought
A quicker pulse, yet graver mien,
I read, I practised, studied, thought,
For what? to stop at seventeen.

Sixteen arrived, that witching year
When youthful hearts like buds are seen,
Ready to ope, when first appear
The genial rays of seventeen.

They came—have passed—think not, fair maids,
My hand shall draw the magic screen;
But this I urge—fill well your heads,
And guard your hearts for seventeen.

From the Baltimore American.

FRENCH DUTIES ON AMERICAN TOBACCO.

The monopoly of the Tobacco trade under the French *Regie* has yielded in duties to the Government for the year 1841 the sum of eighty millions of francs, or nearly sixteen millions of dollars. The Paris correspondent of the National Intelligencer, in stating this fact, which has recently become known from the exhibition of the accounts, says that the revenue from the same source in 1830 was only forty six million francs. One of the Paris editors, in view of this increase, exclaims, what would it not be if the *Regie* would at length vouchsafe to us *good* tobacco!

It will be recollected that when our Tariff was established, laying moderate duties on French silks and wines, a great outcry arose in Paris; we were denounced in no measured terms; and the friends of the Tariff had to encounter this torrent of foreign invective in addition to the partizan hostility which sought to defeat the measure at home. The propriety and justice of the French complaints and invectives may be seen at a glance when the fact is considered that from one single article of American production the French government raises the enormous amount of eighty millions of francs annually—a sum nearly equal to the whole amount of our entire revenue from impost duties in 1841.

If the market for our tobacco in France were regulated on liberal principles, if no greater restrictions were laid upon it than we impose upon French products, there can be no doubt but our planters would find an increased demand for their staple far beyond the present extent of sales. A more rigid monopoly was never devised than that of the French *Regie*. The Government becomes a great factor and trades in snuff and segars for the sake of the profits, excluding all others from the privilege of competition in the traffic. It sends its agents in our markets to purchase tobacco, and forbids all other purchases on the part of its subjects; and having procured a supply adequate to the expected demand at home, it holds the monopoly of the article, and sells at its own prices.

The tobacco growing districts of the Union are much concerned in having better conditions of trade established than now exist in reference to this article between the United States and France. We may add that our own city is especially concerned in the matter, for there is no question but Baltimore is and must be the great tobacco mart of the country. The new facilities of transportation now offered by the improvements connecting us with the West, must bring vast quantities of tobacco to this port from Ohio, Kentucky and Missouri, which, with the supplies from Virginia and our own State, will render this market the most abundant, both in the amount and in the varieties of the article, of any in the United States.

MANURE.—We find the following useful suggestion in a late English paper—

"It is well known that in a close stable, where there are a good many horses, there is a very pungent smell, affecting the eyes and nose, more particularly when the stable is being cleaned out. This smell is occasioned by the flying off of ammonia, which is the very essence and value of manure, and which volatilizes or flies off at a very low temperature—even the warmth of the manure in a stable will send it off, and it goes off in great quantities by the common heat of the manure in a farm yard, whether thrown up in heaps or not. There is, however, a very cheap and simple remedy for this. Before you begin to clear out your stable, dissolve some common salt in water: if a four horse stable, say 4 lbs. of salt, dissolved in two buckets of water and poured through the nose of a watering pan over the stable floor an hour or so before you begin to move the manure, and the volatile salts of ammonia will become fixed salts, from their having united with the muriatic acid of the common salt, and the soda thus liberated from the salt will quickly absorb carbonic acid, forming carbonate of soda; thus you will retain with your manure the ammonia which would otherwise have flown away, and you have also a new and most important agent thus introduced, viz: the carbonate of soda. As this is a most powerful solvent of all vegetable fibre, and seeing that all manures have to be rendered soluble before they can act upon vegetation, it will be at once apparent that the carbonate of soda so introduced must be a most powerful and valuable agent."

PATHOS.

Not long since, an eminent lawyer closed a pathetic harangue to a jury in the following strain:

"And now the shades of night had shrouded the earth in darkness. All nature lay wrapped in solemn thought, when these defendant ruffians came rushing like a mighty torrent from the hills down upon the abodes of peace; broke open the plaintiff's door; separated the weeping mother from her screeching infant; and took away my client's rifle, gentleman of the jury, for which we charge *fifteen dollars*."